

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, April 20, 1889, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1336 Nineteenth Street, Washington, D.C. April 20th., 1889. My dear Alec:

Like the good little obedient wife I always am I telegraphed you as you bade me because though Mr. McCurdy insists that you will never get it I hope you will for I want to know how you are. I thought you might have let me stay with you until the last moment. I would have insisted on doing so but you said that you were catching cold waiting so I went but that was useless because you stood on the platform after all.

We are getting along all right. I went to the Smithsonian reception with Papa and had a splendid time, particularly when Mr. Mickelson informed me that he had been talking to young Mrs. Dale under the impression that she was me, — “she is exactly like you”! — I was flattered and so was she too I should imagine from the face she made when I spoke of it — I talked to “my dearest foe” for quite fifteen minutes, enquired most affectionately after his wife, wondered why she didn't accompany him, invited him to the house and Beinn Bhreagh wasn't I good? I am sure he thinks I have fallen in love with him. Then everybody else was very civil and I felt what a very distinguished man my husband was that they should all be so attentive to his wife.

I took a box in the opera Wednesday night and apparently formed part of the entertainment to judge by the people who informed me, next evening that they had seen me there. One of them was your friend Mickelson who also informed me that he had taken the liberty of doubting whether my start when the drummer right beneath me suddenly filled the house with uproar from his instrument, was real or counterfeit, see what a friend you have! I took Mr. Barry, Dr. Lambron, Grace, 2 Charlie and Aileen with me. Mr. McCurdy could not go he had a dinner engagement at Mrs. Kennan's and afterwards went

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with her to Mrs. Nordhoff's. I saw C.D. Warner, I met him at the reception, he was the only one who wasn't especially civil to me consequently I don't like him. He told a big whopper about remembering the many times he and I had walked the Britannic together—.

Poor Grace is broken-hearted because she won't be allowed to nurse her baby and I am awfully sorry for her but suppose it would not do to let her get run down. She expects to be confined about the 5th. of May, wont you be home before that? She is very well and bright. Bring her home a silver powder box for the baby if you stop over at Boston. Did you see the tailor and the architect and the doctor?

You made me feel so very nervous that I could not resist telegraphing. I do hope you let him examine your chest I would like an opinion now. Did you know that Mr. Barry was intending to sail for Europe May 1st?

I wrote to him that I could not tell how you might feel about it but that I would much prefer to deal with a principal in an affair of the importance of our house and that if he were to be away I would be inclined to give the preference to Mr. Everett's plans. I wish you would telegraph him asking him to delay his departure a week. After the plane are decided on he might go and leave things to Mr. Simpson. I have nothing more to say — It has been quite hot today and I am glad that you were not here to suffer from the heat and prevent me from enjoying it?

Poor little Beckie has had to follow you to the stable. I just saved her in time from a Skye, once and the dogs were such a nuisance I could not stand it. I feel a good deal more nerveous without her but still get 3 along all right. Take good care of yourself and come home safe to your,

Loving, May